

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1804.

THE HISTORY OF

Netterville:

A CHANCE PEDESTRIAN.

CHAP. XXVIII.

OUR heroine having concluded the life of her unfortunate mother, retired to rest, with a heart filled with sorrow, at the recollection of her unmerited calamities; tears of anguish and regret, stole insensibly down her cheek, when she reflected that she should never again behold her;—her memory glanced back to those days of felicity which she had passed in her society, retraced her numerous virtues, recollected every instance of her unwearied affection, and lamented the obduracy of her grand-father; whose unkindness had, she doubted not, sharpened the poignancy of affliction, embittered the few hours of prosperity which had been her lot, and in all probability accelerated that malady which had eventually terminated in her dissolution.

Fancy tinted with vivid colouring, the picture imagination delighted to pourtray of the preceding summer; when unconscious of the secret motive of her delight in the society of Lewisham, she had eagerly anticipated his approach; and had beheld his departure, though only for a few short hours, with emotion of the bitterest regret; blessed with his presence and the approbation of her dear parent, the cottage of K— had appeared almost a paradise; the company of her lover had heightened every pleasure, given an additional brilliancy to every scene, gilded every landscape; while youth untouched

either by the hand of calamity or misfortune, rejoiced in the animated glow of nature, undisturbed by regret, careless and serene, anticipating no evil for futurity.—“Happy days of innocence and peace,” cried she, “ye will return no more! the society of my beloved Lewisham may again be mine—his smiles may again irradiate the landscape, his converse enliven my sad heart; but never more can the eye of a parent witness my felicity, never again will the arms of a fond mother enclose me—how would she have rejoiced in this day—how happy would the prospect now opening to her Clara have made her! How warm, how animating was her admiration of Lord Clanrick, when known only as the obscure and indigent Netterville; how great her respect for his exalted sentiments, his benevolent heart—the benevolence of that heart would be no longer confined—no tie of affinity forbade her daughter’s union with him—no nearness of propinquity interdicted their alliance:—She was free and at liberty, both to feel and acknowledge her regard for him; and Clara felt that in an union with him, she could not fail of being happy.—She formed plans for extending her felicity to those around her—she would enter with Clanrick the cottage of industrious poverty—they would make the widow’s heart “sing for joy;”—no one should lament their prosperity.—Then, in imagination, did she recur to her love—she saw him at her feet, breathing vows of love and constancy;—his countenance glowing with transport—his voice animated and tremulous, from energy and anxiety;—his speaking eyes bent with earnestness on her face and lighted with a tenfold brilliancy at the received confession of her love; when these fairy visions were

suddenly put to flight, by a doubt, as to the propriety of throwing herself in his way, or rather seeking him in the house of his father; it was a scruple of true love and feminine delicacy, which—

“Would he woo’d, and not unsought be won.”

Yet how, after having agreed to Lady Newark’s proposal, was she to make known the change in her sentiments? How strange, how inconstant would she think her—how weak, how capricious, how undecided would she appear; yet she thought it was a line of conduct she ought to adopt, and she resolved to put it in practice. The following day afforded her a fair opportunity for altering her plan, as she found her friend had included in her party, not only her aunt, but the Nugents, Deloraines, Blanche and Captain Latimer; to refuse making one in so large a company would appear quite prudish; and she, therefore, resolved to let things quietly take their course. Time insensibly stole away, yet it kept not pace with the wishes of our heroine.

A fortnight had elapsed since Lady Newark had written to her son—no answer was yet arrived. Her ladyship made no remark on the subject; but Clara thought her uneasiness might plainly be discerned. She began to think he was ill—that some accident had happened to him—that he had forgotten her; yet this last the worst of all possible evils, could not be. Was it possible, that so short a period could intirely change him? Ah! no—she could not believe that he had forgotten her, yet she was angry with herself, for not having kept her first resolution of remaining in London, at least till Lord Clanrick thought proper to claim her.

The whole of the expedition was settled, and two days only remained ere it

was to be executed, yet Lewisham neither wrote nor came. Clara was vexed, was irritated, was almost miserable. It was too late to recede—the *maitre de hotel*, and some of the domestics, were already on their journey.—Lord and Lady Newark, Mrs. and Miss Nugent, and the Marquis of Deloraine, were to set out the following day; Miss Nutcombe and Clara were to follow the one succeeding; and the young party from Capel-street were to join them the ensuing week.

Clara took an affectionate leave of her friends in the square, and having commanded her luggage to be sent after her, got into a hackney coach, and ordered it to drive to St. Martin's.

This was the first time she had entered the house since the death of her grandfather. A thousand painful reflections crossed her mind, as she proceeded towards the parlour; but who can speak her astonishment, when she beheld her aunt and her new footman, Orlando, in apparently earnest and familiar conversation, seated at a table which was strewn with books, pens, ink, and paper, laying in confused heaps in every direction. Miss Nutcombe started, pale, and coloured, in defiance both of rouge and pearl-powder. She attempted to speak, but her agitation was too great; while the young man making a distant and respectful bow, quitted the apartment.—The countenance of Clara demanded an explanation of the scene she had just witnessed, but demanded it in vain;—and too proud to make any comment, she hastily quitted the room, and retired to that which she had formerly occupied, to make some arrangements.—“Law’s Mem,” said her woman, who had lived with Mrs. Walsingham many years, “only to think of that old madam—I dare swear she was in a nice *frustration* when you caught her?”—“I do not understand you,” said Clara, wishing to repress her familiarity, “you cannot surely speak of my aunt, by the disrespectful appellation of the old madam?”—“Law’s Mem, I hope you ben’t angry,” said the valuable servant—“but indeed my respect for her is not much decreased, since Mr. Rowlando came here in the *compacity* of a footman—why, only think, mem, if my lady does not *misapply* herself when she permits Rowlando into her bed-chamber.”—“Her bed-chamber! its impossible!”—said Clara, “you are dreaming.”—“No, indeed, mem, I ben’t dreaming; as sure as I’m a living sinner, he went into her apartment last night, after she

was in bed; and I must own I was a little *curo* or so, and I just puts my ear to the key-hole, and I heard them run on such a rigmarol about love, and bowers, and innocence, that I must bethink me, that young man has either reduced her modesty, or abused her vartue.”—Clara, now, severely reprimanded the girl for her freedom of speech, and threatened her with an instant dismissal, if she heard any thing of the kind in future; and, having concluded her arrangements, she joined her aunt in the parlour.

The evening passed off tolerable well; and though she could not avoid reflecting on the strange scene she had witnessed, at an early hour the following morning, she was ready to join Miss Nutcombe; who, with her constant *cicisbeo*, Orlando, soon after appeared, and they set off immediately, purposing to breakfast at Barnet.

The morning was delightfully pleasant, and Clara rejoiced that she was going to inhale the pure air of the country, so mild and refreshing at this season (the month of April), and she almost regretted the termination of their morning’s drive, when the chaise stoped at Barnet.

Nothing worth relating occurred to our travellers till they reached Edinburg, at which place, Miss Nutcombe complained of indisposition, and accordingly resolved to rest for a few days. Clara was secretly pleased at this, as she was both mortified and disappointed at Clanrick’s neglect—she had anticipated a meeting with him, she had flattered herself that he would have sought her, eagerly sought her, on the first intimation of the recent discovery; but, to her astonishment and regret, he neither came or sent.—What could be his motive for such cruel, such unaccountable conduct?—What could have induced him to profess a regard for her which he felt not?—or what could prevent his flying to meet her, if indeed he still retained any affection for her?—Was it possible that he was ill?—unable to travel!—she knew not what to think, her anxiety increased every hour. Miss Nutcombe had retired to her chamber, and poor Clara sat alone, buried in melancholy retrospection, in a small parlour near her, a prey to anxiety, yet anxiety for the health of her aunt did not form any part of her fears; for, notwithstanding her professed indisposition, Clara thought she had never seen her look better, or eat with a keener appetite, she therefore concluded her malady to be an effervescence of that ill humour which

she had often accustomed herself to indulge in, and which she determined to await the departure of patiently, not doubting but that, on its abatement, they should proceed, without delay, to Clanrick.—Having finished her supper, she rang the bell, and desired Orlando to try if he could not procure her a book, and he presently returned with one; and having read for some time, she visited her aunt, who declared herself considerably better, and then retired to rest, in a small room, which was divided from that of the invalid, by a thin wooden partition. She had not been in bed more than half an hour, when she heard the sound of voices, as she thought, in her aunt’s chamber; and hastily slipping on her cloathes, she rose, intending to go to her assistance; but, after listening a few moments, she distinguished a man’s voice, and concluded it to be one of the domestics, in the passage adjoining the two rooms; again she listened, and could almost have sworn that it proceeded from the next apartment.—Immediately after, she heard some one say distinctly, in a low voice—“Gertrude, my dear Gertrude, where have you secreted the rebels?”—She trembled with terror and astonishment, she again endeavoured to listen, but the conclusion of the speech was delivered in so low a tone, that she could distinguish only a few inarticulate sounds.—Again, however, she heard the same voice say—“If we should be discovered, we are undone—what shall we do?”—In the utmost trepidation and alarm, Clara thought of calling some of the people of the house, when her aunt’s voice stopped her, and she was lost in an increase of surprise and terror.—She caught a few of her words—“In the closet you will find concealed,”—Miss Nutcombe dropped her voice—she heard no more. The man’s voice asked—“Have you secured the trunk?” and then added, after a few moments silence—“Has Miss Walsingham any suspicion of our design?” to which her aunt replied—“Not an idea,” and they continued the conversation in a whisper. She now returned to bed, but to sleep was impossible; a variety of surmises arose in her mind, the most prominent was, that of Orlando’s being a rebel, whom her aunt concealed; and she now recollected numerous circumstances, which convinced her that Orlando was above a common footman—a vague fear that his discovery would involve her aunt in perplexity, harrassed and vexed her, and she rose with an appearance of agitation and alarm, which

would have given her the look of guilt before any court of judicature in Christendom.

ROYAL ANECDOTE.

A circumstance occurred some time ago, which, as it serves, however simple in itself, to put the private character of an amiable sovereign in its true light, that of being the benevolent father of his people, ought on no account to be buried in oblivion.

In the course of his walks one morning with the Prince by his side, he met a farmer's servant travelling to Westminster with a load of commodities for market. Unhappily, however, the cart was stuck fast in the mud; nor could the man himself extricate it with all his might.

Both the King and the Prince were dressed in a style of simplicity; and as if with one impulse of humanity, they immediately rushed forward to the assistance of the embarrassed rustic; having through the dint of main strength, enabled him to set his cart to rights, the honest fellow, glowing with gratitude, asked them cordially if they would accept of a cup of ale from him at the next house; adding, that in the mean time they were heartily welcome to take a seat upon the cart.—Each of these offers was of course declined, and they parted; the King having previously slipped into his hand a guinea, and the Prince two guineas.

The man was thunderstruck: nor could he help spreading about the particulars of his adventure the moment he reached Westminster. From these it appeared plainly, that it was to the King and the Prince he had been indebted so highly; and the only circumstance that seemed to puzzle the man himself, and make him doubt the fact, was, that the Prince should have given two pieces, while the King gave him but one.

Every thing, as here related, presently reached the ears of his Majesty; and happening the week following to meet the man again, on his way to market, he stopped him and smiled.

"Well, my friend," said he, "I find you were rather dissatisfied with the little present I made you when last we met: the son you thought more magnificent than the father.—He was so, I confess; but remember this my good fellow, that I am obliged to be just before I can be generous. My son has, at present, nobody to care for but himself, and I (with an infinite deal of more anxiety in my

bosom than you possibly experience) am bound to promote the happiness of millions, who look to me for that protection, which your children at home expect, and have a right to demand from you."

ANECDOTES OF LINNÆUS,

The celebrated Swedish Naturalist.

A LADY of the province of Upsala, who had never been beyond its boundaries, applied to a friend of Linnæus for a letter of recommendation, that she might have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of this eminent character, and at the same time see his collection. The philosopher received her with much politeness, and, as he was showing her the museum, the good lady was so filled with astonishment at the sight of an assemblage of such a number of different objects: upon each of which Linnæus had always something to remark, that she exclaimed—"I no longer wonder that Linnæus is so well known over the whole province of Upsala!" Linnæus, who, instead of the province of Upsala, expected to hear the whole *universe*, was so shocked, that he would show her nothing more of the museum, and sent the lady away quite confounded at the change of his humour, and at the same time believed that her high encomium had wounded the feelings of the great philosopher.

One day, being in a melancholy temper, he gave orders that no person should be admitted to him, and placed himself in his bed-gown and a night-cap, sad and pensive, upon his sofa. An officer in the Swedish service arrived with a party of ladies, who had made a journey for the express purpose of seeing the Linnæan collection. The officer was denied admittance; but being aware of Linnæus's caprice, he would not be refused by the servant, but pushed by him and entered the chamber where Linnæus was sitting. At first some indignation was shown at this intrusion; but the officer introduced the ladies with the most extravagant panegyric to the illustrious philosopher who was the sole object of their journey; to the man whom the whole world allowed to be the greatest; to that man who had put nature herself to the rack to discover her dearest secrets, &c. Linnæus's surly humor instantly forsook him, and he never appeared more amiable in his manners than to this officer, whom he embraced tenderly, calling him his true friend, &c.

He was so singularly enamoured of praise, that his mind was never in that sedate state which would have enabled him to distinguish true commendation from flattery and deception. A clergyman who heard of this could not credit such reports: but was convinced of their truth by one of his friends: who composed so ridiculous an eulogy for Linnæus: that the weakest child might have treated it as a farce or satire. It was worded in the bombast of the middle ages, or in the Asiatic style. He called him the Sun of Botanists, the Jupiter of the Literati, the secretary of nature, an ocean of science, a moving mountain of erudition, and other appellations to the same effect. Linnæus, far from feeling displeasure at such excessive and ridiculous compliments, interrupted the panegyrist at each phrase, embracing him, and calling him his dearest friend.

PETRARCH.

A certain historian asserts, that Pope Benoit the twelfth advised Petrarch to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined, lest the familiarities of the married state should abate the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love.

"Parblue!" exclaimed a French officer who heard of the observation, "*voilà un animal bieu delicate*,"—"it is," added he, "as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner lest it should spoil his appetite."

PAROCHIAL ERUDITION.

When Captain Grose once requested permission to take out of the church at Walton upon Thames, a brass plate, in order to *make a drawing* of it, he received the following grammatical and elegant epistle from the churchwarden.

"Sir, I am sorry I can't be agreeable as to what you ax me to do, but by the canonical law, nobody must not presume to take nothing out of the church, especially the sacred utensils, upon pain of blasphemy. I must therefore refuse the brass monumental tombstone which you desired, but you are welcome to come into the church, and draw it about as much as you please."

A RARE SITUATION.

A person advertising for a country house thus concludes; "If no *hounds* within ten miles, and if no *attorney* within twenty, the more agreeable."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A TRIP TO THE COUNTRY

In August, 1804 ;

OR,

HOLIDAY-CONVERSATION,

ON

HAPPINESS.

(continued)

CHARACTERS.

Rurilla, Juvenia, Lucinda, Vanessa,
Olivia, Marianna, Cecilia, Celestina.

SCENE—Banks of the Schuylkill :—TIME—Mid-day

CECILIA.

ALTHOUGH, Lucinda, it as grateful be
To ev'ry female, as to you and me,
In gay and fashionable life to shine,
Where admiration makes us half divine:
Yet, on your mind, reflection will impress,
What you describe gives not true Happiness;
For, short its date and certain is its fall,
And Happiness must be perpetual.
Tho' therefore you should shine with peerless rays,
More brilliant than the richest di'mond's blaze;
Tho' almost angel charms you should display,
In Beauty's dress, and loveliness of May:
And tho' you prove th' attendant joys sublime,
Of admiration, and of youthful prime:—
Remember, those blest days will fly so fast,
Ere you can count them they will all be past
Remember, also, charms tho' half-divine,
As you progress in years, will still decline,
Till wrinkled age shall rife all your store,
And your attractive pow'rs be known no more.
Then, how will you your lover's heart secure?
How render future admiration sure?
In place of flown delights what pleasures try,
To keep up still the tenor of your joy?
Or when those joys are vanish'd, to what source,
That shall give new ones, can you have recourse?
Alas! you'll find, too late, what hopes depend
On charms of person, with those charms will end;
That your bright prospect is a transient gleam,
And all your promis'd Happiness a dream!
Now, in the contrast between me and you,
A striking difference you may clearly view;
A difference, that as clearly will define
True, lasting Happiness not yours,—but mine.

At least one half the seasons you bestow
On dress, parade, display and public show,
By me, in calm seclusion, are employ'd
In tasting sweets with which we're never cloy'd,
And laying a foundation, broad and sure,
For richer sweets that shall thro' life endure,
And happy make me, wheresoe'er I be,
And welcome to polite society:
For, I shall have a fund of genteel talk,
To charm the drawing room, or social walk;
And, when alone, to kill dull time and care
Those ceaseless foes and torments of the fair—
Reading, dear reading, but of special kind,
Forever fills my thoughts and cheers my mind;
By day, with objects for love's pleasing themes;
By night, with subjects for divinest dreams;
Mine's not the reading of true history;
For all realities are dull and dry;
But that where fancy takes unbounded flight,
And truth and nature are quite out of sight—
As Novels, Stories, Tales, Romances, Plays,
Where wild imagination sportive strays;

Forms gay creations, and new Edens fair;
With more than mortal music fills the air;
Peoples, with beings new, the groves and bow'rs,
Around them scatt'ring aromatic flow'rs,
Whose colours in eternal beauty bloom,
As is eternal their divine perfume.
Such is my reading—which gives more delight
Than all earth's images, however bright:
For, warm imagination can impart,
Alone, the soul of bliss to ev'ry heart;
While ev'ry real scene of human life
Is marr'd by sorrow, bitterness, or strife.
In vain, such reading all the world decries,
Saying its pleasures but in fancy rise;
And that its gilded shows, its flatt'ring schemes,
Are but delusive, visionary dreams:
What is the bliss, pray (rate it at the most)
Which all the world as true, or solid boast?
'Tis all precarious, ever on the wing;
While you the honey taste, you dread the sting;
Like a gay bubble on the wat'ry main,
The wave that brings it bears it back again.
We, therefore, to be free from all the strife,
And pains, of ever-fluctuating life,
As much as possible should Fancy court,
For life's anxieties a blest resort!
For, in proportion as we but forget
The sad realities of our frail state;
So we from all unhappinesses fly,
And new joys spring up as the old ones die:
There's naught can yield felicity like this;
And inexhaustible is Fancy's bliss.
Employ'd in reading novels, and romance,
My captive soul is in a blissful trance!
Now here, now there, she flies, without control:
One Eden seems all earth from pole to pole;
And I partake of all its fruits, and flow'rs,
Its scenes all-beauteous, and enchanting bow'rs.

Employ'd in reading plays, of various sorts,
My mind is fill'd with pageantry of courts;
Objects of splendour glitter on the sight,
And I become transported with delight:
Myself I fancy as an actress there,
The most admir'd, and fairest of the fair;
And blest, as tho' I wore a diadem,
Not envying even Josephina's fame.
Thus, my life passes in perpetual joy,
In such enjoyments as can never cloy;
And thus my mind I so with knowledge store,
Me the belles love—and beaux almost adore.
For, let me tell you—take it not amiss—
Romantic and dramatic knowledge is
The only knowledge worth your while to get
For politesse and genteel etiquette:
It is the certain passport for the fair
To where all fashionable circles are;
And there, you know, the pleasures all are found,
In sprightly dance, in one continued round.

(to be continued.)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

THE SCRIBLER.—No. XXII.

Trifles light as air,

Shakespeare.

My readers will probably be entertained with the
perusal of the following letter

TO THE SCRIBLER.

SIR,

THE highest respect for your character emboldens me to submit for your candid consideration, the deplorable state into which I have fallen, since I first ventured to suppose myself arrived at a pe-

riod of life, wherein I might approach the more public circles of society, and I trust you will so comprehend my case, as to afford me such information as my future steps may require—I am a young man of small fortune, yet unfortunately, in point of what the world calls accomplishments, quite home-made; I received a tolerable education in a seminary of learning not far distant, and at the age of sixteen years, was placed an apprentice to a merchant of good repute in this city; my master always endeavoured to instil into me the necessity there was, for a young man, to pay strict attention to business, and as much as possible, when not immediately employed in his service, to avoid a connection with such characters as might intice me into evil company, wherein bad habits would be produced, and if persisted in, might effect a total loss of my reputation. Embracing this salutary advice, I resolved to devote my leisure hours to the perusal of history and such other entertaining publications as would be improving, and render me not altogether a novice when admitted into the company of those who had, from various circumstances, better means of acquiring literary improvement than myself. I commenced with the history of my native country (America) occasionally taking up the works of Dr. Johnson, Dr. Young, and other authors of merit.

The information which I derived from the narration of many historical facts before unknown, together with the sublimity of the pages of moral writers, in prose and poetry, proved so fascinating, that not an hour when my business would permit me, was I to be seen without a book—in the course of a year, I was not a little acquainted with the principal circumstances which attended the discovery, settlement and revolution of America; nor did memory prove treacherous to the recollection of many elegant and striking parts of the few volumes I had perused—having now arrived at the 19th year of my age I was, by the attention of a friend, introduced into several genteel families, and consequently was not overlooked when parties and other large assemblies were the *ton*. This unexpected admission into society of distinction with which I was before wholly unacquainted, was highly flattering, and with eagerness I embraced the opportunity of gaining the acquaintance of those who were accounted the most accomplished; presuming it in a great measure, consisted in literary improvement. But on a cer-

tain occasion, which is the principal cause of my now addressing you, I sorrowfully found my mistake—A card in great stile was left at my residence, requesting “*the honor of my company to tea*” on the then ensuing Friday; at the time appointed I repaired to the house of my newly acquired friend, and was introduced into a room equally brilliant with the visitants; after the accustomed forms of civility were observed, I proceeded to enquire of a lady next to whom I was seated, whether she had seen a late deservedly admired publication intitled “*Haley’s life of Cowper*?” previous to addressing this question, the guests were severally employed in trifling conversation, but the word *Cowper* struck all dumb, their eyes were directed on me, which, as you may well suppose, sealed my lips. Silence prevailed for some time, when I overheard a whisper from the opposite part of the room, “I wonder if he intends to bore us with a dissertation on the most approved authors,” to which I replied, it was not my intention, that I addressed myself to Miss T—and not the company generally. A buzz then commenced and increased by degrees to a noise resembling that of geese gabbling more than the conversation of human beings. That which had the nearest affinity to English which I could discern, was after this manner, “I take it you’re a quizz”—“I perceive Miss”—“ha ha ha”—“lord what beauty”—“admirable”—“angelic” &c. I sat astonished and disgusted at this singular entertainment, and could not divine for what purpose it was intended. 11 o’clock came, the servants announced the arrival of the carriages, and after ten thousand *apeish* gestures the party dispersed, and I blessed my stars for so happy an escape from the head quarters of nonsense.—On my way home, a gentleman (one of the company) enquired the reason why I did not join in the chat of the evening, I informed him I was not sufficiently acquainted with the “*new stile*” and would consider it a favor to be informed what was the name given to the conversation I had heard—“bless your soul my dear sir,” (said he) “it was *small talk*” and you might as well pretend to animate a rock, as a lady of the present fashion without being conversant in all the nonsense of the day—well, thought I, may we exclaim O tempora! O mores! and Mr. Scribler, I beg it of you to take this subject into due consideration, and for the honor of the female sex, invent some

more rational employment for them when assembled in the manner I have alluded to—prepare for me a lesson, which shall be stored up as a rich treasure, conscious that your wisdom will dictate it, void of the unmeaning words and fulsome adulation with which the fashionable world is at present so ridiculously replete—

Your most obed’t serv’t,
STUDIOSUS.

The influence which female society has on the manners and habits of man, is great and surprising. It refines and polishes, it gives an air and grace to his actions; whereas without it they would be in a great measure stiff, formal and disagreeable. This effect is produced by the peculiar softness and sweetness of their manners; and indeed, their appearance alone produces the most pleasing and interesting sensations.—If this be the case, the company of females cannot be too highly recommended. My correspondent *Studiosus* seems, according to his confession, to have been entirely at a loss while in their society; he complains of their conversation as frivolous, and perhaps he is partly right. But man in the first place made it so—it is not long since he considered them as inferior beings; he viewed them as beings made only for his amusement; he formed contemptible ideas of their abilities; he supposed their minds incapable of any grand conceptions or interesting considerations, and many, besides the followers of Mahomet, have not scrupled to say “they have no souls.” Therefore in his approaches to their society “trifles light as air” were the subjects of his conversation, and could he by any well timed merriment excite their laughter, he thought he had done sufficient. And though time has, in great measure, done away these illiberal prejudices, a modern beau presumes to approach a lady with nothing but the most superficial (and if I may speak so) nonsensical conversation! Nor are many of them capable of any other, and if we compare their merits and the improvements and accomplishments they have acquired with those of the ladies they associate, I believe most sincerely the latter will be found to have by far the greater. If *Studiosus* is desirous of appearing to advantage in their society, let him select his company, let him study their disposition, let him in some measure assimilate his manners to theirs, and in time he will undoubtedly discover in them such great attractions

as will induce him to say with rapture “they are the fairest of Nature’s works, the solace and comfort of man.” And though the “lank book-worm” is not calculated for the society of ladies, I would not wish him altogether to forsake his habits of study which is not at all incompatible with the enjoyments of social life; let him not however be entirely devoted to it. The subject of this number is highly interesting and will furnish ample matter for speculation in a future. P.

PETER PINDAR.

TOM PAINE once asserted, in the presence of Peter, that the minority, in all deliberate bodies, ought at all times, to govern the majority. Peter smiled. “You grant me, (said Paine) that the proportion of men of sense to the ignorant, is not more than twenty, or at most thirty, to a hundred: consequently, the majority of mankind are prone to error; and if we would act rightly, we ought to be guided by the sense of the minority.”

Peter, who had listened with great seeming attention, now mildly replied, “I will not say but your arguments are cogent, though not entirely convincing. As it is a subject out of my line, I will not attempt to argue the point, but merely hold the negative of your proposition and leave it to the good company which is right.” “Agreed” said Paine, who saw himself surrounded by his admirers, “well gentlemen,” said Peter, with all the gravity of a Speaker of the House of Commons, “you that are of opinion that the minority, in all deliberative bodies, ought in all cases to govern the majority, please to rise in the affirmative.” Paine immediately stood up himself, and, as he had foreseen, the company all rose in his favour. “Then I rise in the negative” cried Peter, “I am the wise minority, who ought in all cases to govern your ignorant majority; and consequently, upon your own principles, I carry the vote, let it be recorded.”

This unexpected manœuvre raised a hearty laugh, Paine retired from the presence of triumphant wit, mortified with being foiled at his own weapons.

A DEMUR.

LORD KENYON asked a Barister why he so often burdened himself with *bad causes*? “My lord (answered he) I have lost so many *good ones*, that I am puzzled which to take.”

For the Philadelphia Repository.

A READER'S GLEANINGS. No. IX.

NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF AIR.

THERE is nothing more worthy of the researches of human nature, than in exploring the works of the Creator. Were we more frequently and more minutely to investigate the various means he has used to provide for our happiness, our comfort, and the enjoyment of our lives, we should be more strongly impressed with those emotions of gratitude which the Divine Providence is entitled to. And of the various means he has taken to render our lives happy, there is none that more essentially promotes this end, and without which indeed we could not actually live, than the air, the subject now under consideration. The air, then, is generally defined to be that subtile fluid and elastic body which surrounds our globe, and is that element to which the whole animal world entirely owes its life, subsistence, and preservation. Though it *does* surround our whole globe, and is so near us that we directly experience its effects, yet we are not however, certified respecting its *real* nature. We know that it is a body in which are combined the properties of fluidity, gravity, and elasticity. That it is a fluid, and consists of separate parts of globular forms, which pass over one another, and yield to the slightest impression without any apparent attraction between them, is evident from that facility with which animals breathe this element, and pass through it without any resistance or interruption. That the air does gravitate on inferior bodies, and that it is likewise elastic, may be demonstrated by innumerable experiments.

Such are the nature and properties of air; let us now briefly state the use and necessity of it.

Air is, as I before observed, that element to which this world owes its life and preservation. All the changes we observe in the different beings our globe contains, depend on air. It is absolutely necessary for the preservation of every species of animals, whether they inhabit the earth, water, or clouds. Man, when deprived of this element but for a few minutes, gradually loses his strength, and unless shortly relieved with a fresh supply, expires. Let us but take it away from any dumb animal, and they all,

though some support their existence under so pressing a want longer than others, will shortly die. The birds in order to fly, must be supported by air; for which reason their lungs have openings through which the air they breathe passes through the whole cavity of their bodies. Plants even in order to vegetate and grow, require air, and are therefore furnished with a multitude of little vessels which serve to draw it in, and by means of which the minutest particles of them are provided with all the necessary juices.

It is manifest, from this, then, that air is a grand aid and support, not only of the human, but brute and vegetable race. It is of use to the life and breath of living animals, to the motion of winged animals, and those which swim in the waters; to vegetation of plants, to the propagation of sounds; to hold the earth in equilibrium with the other globes; and lastly, to the formation of vapours, rain and wind.

Such are the blessings we derive from this valuable and necessary element! We see in it the source of all the happiness we enjoy. If then, we are blessed by Divine Providence with so inestimable a treasure, we ought to be impressed with the deepest sense of gratitude and admiration. It is very evident that we do enjoy so great a blessing, and it is therefore our duty to be thankful for a blessing without which we could not breathe or exist.

From the Repository.

THE DRAMA.

The ancient Drama, composed of hymns in honour of Bacchus, accompanied with vocal and instrumental musick, was in its commencement extremely rude and imperfect. It was for a time exhibited on moveable stages, very inadequate to the purpose; and afterwards in groves, lawns, and verdant enclosures. To render performances of the theatre more interesting, Thespis introduced actors, while the chorus was suspended, reciting the achievements of some hero, whom they personated. Still however there was no connection in these recitals, till Æschylus by his sublime genius and judicious management advanced these theatrical exhibitions to no inconsiderable degree of improvement. From this period the chorus and interlocutors were mutually engaged in exhibiting a regular, connected, and interesting narrative; and

from a rural sport, the Drama became a firm advocate in the cause of virtue, and at the same time afforded an attractive and rational amusement.

The remaining tragedies of Æschylus are distinguished for enthusiastick love of liberty, beauty of imagery, sublimity of conception, and instructive precepts of morality. If his expression sometimes appears turgid, it is owing to the resistless ardor of his imagination. His eye, "glancing from earth to heaven," comprehended the grand, the vast, the astonishing. He was not less distinguished as a soldier, than as a dramattick poet; since he manifested unexampled bravery in the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea. He frequently entered the list of his cotemporaries, Sophocles and Euripides, and usually came off victorious. Once however, when the prize was unjustly adjudged to his competitor, he had the magnanimity to declare "*I appeal to posterity; to posterity I consecrate my works, in the assurance that they will meet that reward from time, which the partiality of my contemporaries refuses to bestow.*" His tragedies are always animated, often pathetick and eminently sublime. The bold spirit, displayed in the following passage of his "**PROMETHEUS CHAINED,**" strongly characterizes the author's manner. Prometheus addresses the chorus relative to Jupiter;

"That enemy from enemy should suffer
Extreme indignity is nothing strange.
Let him then work his horrible pleasure on me;
Wreath his black curling flames, tempest the air
With vollied thunders and wild warring winds,
Rend from its roots the firm earth's solid base,
Heave from the roaring main its boisterous waves,
And dash them to the stars; me let him hurl,
Caught in the fiery tempest, to the gloom
Of deepest Tartarus; not all his powers
Can quench the ethereal breath of life in me."

POTTER'S TRANSLATION.

ARMIN.

ARTICLES FROM LATE LONDON PAPERS.

Captain Topham, is writing the life of Wilkes,—the work is to contain forty-five pages.

It is no less singular than true, that Mr. Wilson, of Windsor, has, at this time in his garden, an elder tree in full bloom.

Yesterday evening, while an ingenious chemist, of Compton-street, Soho, was busied in preparing some new explosive compound, lately invented by the French chemists, the unfinished chemical composition exploded in his hand spontaneously; and such was the report of the explosion,

that it shook like an earthquake the furniture of the adjoining houses. The vessel, containing the chemical preparation, together with a number of the apparatus of the laboratory, were dashed to innumerable pieces, and large fragments were projected over the surrounding houses. The burning explosive compound, and pieces of glass, which were thrown in the face of the operation, have wounded him so severely, that his eye-sight is despaired of by the faculty.

The remains of Lord Camelford are to be removed in a few days, for interment in Switzerland. They are now lying in a vault under St. Ann's Church.

When the French Royalist GEORGES was lately on his trial in *Paris*, he was asked by the public accuser, what he had done with the portraits he had of the late King and Queen.—“*Ah, villain*, (he replied, *what have your party done with the ORIGINALS?*)

Sir BOYLE ROCHE, being questioned as to the state of the Boulogne flotilla, answered—“it is always *cruising* and *cruising* about, but constantly upon the same spot.”

Louis XVIII. has proceeded from *Warsaw* to *Grodno*, and from thence to *Calmar*, in *Sweden*, where a castle is fitted for his residence. In every part of *Russia* he was treated with the most flattering ceremonies.—The King will have an interview with his brother at *Gottenburgh*.

Calmar, the capital of the country of the same name, is situated upon the *Baltic*, in the Province of *Smaland*, and contains about 5000 inhabitants. It is neatly built.

The people here, as in every other part of *Sweden* are poor, but hospitable, lively, and fond of strangers, and in no kingdom of *Europe*, is the spirit of chivalry so high. LOUIS the EIGHTEENTH, therefore, could not choose an asylum more suited to his circumstances and his fortune. There is another reason for this preference given to *Sweden*; Count DE FERSEN, formerly a Colonel of the regiment *Royal Suedois*, in the French service, saved the life of His Most CHRISTIAN MAJESTY, in June, 1791, by aiding his escape by *Valenciennes*, when LOUIS the XVIth was arrested at *Varennes*. This Nobleman is now one of the Members of the Swedish Rengency, during the absence of the Sovereign. It was this Nobleman, who, in October, 1793, at the risk of his life, penetrated into the dungeon of the Concier-

gerie at *Paris*, to administer consolation, and offer deliverance to the disconsolate widow of LOUIS XVI. the once beautiful MARIA ANTOINETTE, who, trusting to her rank, her sex, and her innocence, declined the offer, and became a victim to her mistaken confidence in the honour and justice of revolutionary Brigands.

GENEROSITY.

A POOR woman, who had seen better days, understanding from some of her acquaintance, that Dr. Goldsmith had studied physic, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him in a letter, to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state by continual anguish. The good-natured poet waited on her instantly, and after some discourse with his patient, found him sinking fast in that worst of sickness, poverty. The doctor told them that they should hear from him in an hour, when he should send some pills, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put ten guineas into a chip box, with the following lable.—“These must be used as your necessities require, be patient and of good heart.” He sent his servant with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to anything Galen or his pupils could administer for his relief.

MARSHAL TURENNE,

HAPPENING one hot day to be looking out of the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and nightcap, a servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks. He comes softly behind him, and with a hand, which was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The Marshal instantly turns about; and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master.—Down he drops upon his knees—“O! my Lord! I thought it was George.” “And suppose it had been George,” replied the Marshal, rubbing his backside, “you ought not to strike quite so hard.”

Philadel^a, Dec. 8, 1804.

Extract of a letter from an officer on board U. S. schr. Enterprize, to a respectable house in this city, dated Malta, Aug. 18, 1804.

“On my leaving Tripoli the day before yesterday, I was requested by Capt. Decatur to transmit the news of his brother James's death; [fearful that the family

would hear of it too abruptly.] It is with extreme regret that I inform you, that he fell in an action with the enemy's gun-boats on the 3d inst, at the moment he compelled one of them, of superior force, to strike to him. Capt. Decatur would have written, but did not know of my going to Malta, until a few minutes before I sailed. He remains off Tripoli with his division of gun-boats. In the action of the 3d, he boarded and carried 2 of the enemy's gun-boats each of superior force to himself, within musket shot of their batteries, with the loss of only four men wounded, including himself, which was very slight, and is now quite well. Lieut. Trip also boarded and carried one of superior force, after receiving eleven wounds. The enemy, on perceiving 3 of their boats in our possession, slipped and run in, a number being disabled, although at the commencement of the action they had twenty-two against our six. I am also very sorry to inform you of the death of Lieut. Caldwell, and Mr. John Dorsey, midshipman, both of Philadelphia, occasioned by one of the prize boats taking fire, and blowing up, supposed by a red hot shot from the batteries.

“During the engagement of the 7th, out of thirty that were on board the boat, ten perished—during both attacks the bombards were constantly heaving shell into the town, which must have annoyed them very much, as they have lowered their demands from five hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for a peace and the ransom of the prisoners.”

BRITISH THEATRE.

Moreton has completed two acts of a Comedy, and will shortly put the finishing hand to his piece.

MARRIED—On Saturday evening last by the Rt. Rev. Bishop White, Mr. James L. Culbert, to Miss Frances E. Lavender, all of this city.

—Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, Mr. Pierre Tesson, (Printer) to Miss Mary M'Gawren, all of this city.

—On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Stafford, Mr. James Perle, to Miss Prudence Hall both of this city.

—On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Blackwell, Enos Bronson, Esq. (editor of the Gazette of the United States) to Miss Mary White, daughter of the Rt. Rev. Wm. White, all of this city.

—At Canterbury, Eng. in Sept. in the Church, Mr. Tyrall, aged 73, much deformed by age; to —Lumberton, aged 26; the novelty of the case excited a considerable concourse of spectators, many of whom contributed to raise the mirth of this happy couple, by procuring hand-bells, &c. with which they were ushered into church, accompanied with upwards of three hundred persons, to view the ceremony; the festivity of the moment was, however, interrupted with the lamentations of a former lover, about his own age, who reproached his fickleness with every expression of grief that her tender passions allowed her; this however, had but little weight, and the bridegroom led his nymph to the altar; after which, they repaired home to celebrate the wedding with some friends, but alas! soon after the nuptial tie, fear, jealousy, and revenge, arose in the sparkling breast of the bridegroom (from circumstances we know not of) so that the utmost confusion prevailed, in which the bride lost her ring, and murder! &c. &c. was the order of the day.

DIED—On the 28th ult. Mr. John Adam Gross, Aet. 92 years, 6 mo. He was born in Germany, came to this country in the year 1740, and for 64 years was an inhabitant of this city: He has left 1 child, 7 grandchildren, and 19 great grandchildren.

—On Tuesday morning last, Mrs. Sarah Meredith, wife of Mr. Jonathan M. of this city.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

JUVENILE SCRAPS.—No. VI.

EVENING.

Behold! the smiling EVENING now,
With *Hyper* glitt'ring o'er her brow,
Appears, array'd in purple vest,
And spreads her curtain in the west.
Wisdom and matron-grace are seen,
Conspicuous, in her placid mien;
Her countenance expressive charms,
And woos the thoughtful to her arms.
While I her lovely face admire,
I feel her influence inspire,
And to reflection prompt my mind,
With serious contemplation join'd.
Nor less o'er all, that influence spreads,
While round me close her falling shades:
Great Nature's self avows her pow'r,
And seems to listen to her lore;
Bending attention's partial ear,
As if Truth's music voice to hear.

Now are the feather'd warblers gone,
From ev'ry meadow, field and lawn,
To where th' umbrageous shade bestows
Peaceful retreats for night's repose.
Now, from yon busy haunts of men,
No murmurs float along the plain;
But Industry reclines his head,
And Sleep, uncall'd attends his bed.
Now, mildest breezes gently breathe
Over the scented mead and heath:
And, sprinkled with the falling dew,
Around a grateful balm diffuse,
And soft invite the lab'ring hind
To slumbers of the sweetest kind.
Now, stillly silence reigns around:
Save where the beetle's humming sound,
Or notes discordant of the bird
Of night, within yon wood, is heard;
Or murmurs of yon purling stream,
That faintly casts a dancing gleam;
Or Delaware's majestic roll,
That woos to sober thought the soul.

This is the happy season, sure,
For those who wisdom wou'd procure,
To leave the noisy jarring throng,
And range the groves and meads along
To seek calm Meditation's aid;
To court fair Virtue, heav'n-born maid,
And, in her smiles approving, find
Celestial quiet, peace of mind:

For she alone can give to prove
The zest to what below we love;
And safely guide our souls on high
To blissful immortality.

'Twas thus (as Sacred Hist'ry tells,
Where holy inspiration dwells)
Heav'n's favor'd Son, the typic sign,
Of future excellence divine,
While solemn ev'ning drew the close
Of day, before he sought repose,
"Went to the field to meditate,"
And there in meditation wait:
When, as his active thought ran o'er
Each period of his life before,
Mem'ry upon his mind imprest
The mercies which had made him blest,
And call'd upon his soul to raise
The hymn of gratitude and praise.

Welcome, "sweet Eve! continue long"—
Inspire me too with pious song;
Present to me thy mirror true,
Where I myself may clearly view;
My low ideas elevate
Beyond this grov'ling, transient state,
To that blest kingdom which shall come,
My native, my eternal home:
Then like *the child of promise*, I
The bustling world will *often* fly,
And to thy tender arms repair,
To taste the sweets of wisdom there—
There, gentle Peace and Virtue rest;
There, I shall be divinely blest—
While charm'd with Nature's smiling face,
I view her all-attractive grace,
And feel my thoughts ascend on high
To brighter beauties in the sky,
And bliss of seraph-choirs above,
In mansions of eternal love.

JUNIO.

* And Isaac went out to meditate in the field, at the *Even-tide*. Gen. xxiv. v. 63.

TO AN INFANT.

LAUGH, sweetest wanton, guiltless sprite!
Laugh—roll again those orbs of blue;
And wave thy hand in mute delight,
For, babe, to thee the world is new.
Smile thou, that never frown has prov'd;
From all but bosoms kind, remov'd;
Smile, thou on all *unseeing* ruby,
Too soon thou shalt have learn'd to sigh.

What monarch's rule supreme as *thine*,
Fair infant crown'd of love alone;
A mother's heart thy realm divine,
A mother's arms, thy blissful throne!
Thy unform'd sounds, thy wordless tones,
The mother all enraptur'd owns;

And oft, while falls the tender tear,
Breathes back to thy delighted ear.

If pain invade that infant breast,
And full the tide of sorrow flows,
Lo! fondly to her bosom prest,
Thy eyes like dew-bent lilies close,
Each tear-drop shall her balmy lip
From thy cheeks' faded roses sip:
Till e'en thy slumb'ring sigh be still,
And happy dreams thy fancy fill.

Ah! babe below'd! thou can'st not ween,
What change thy little being waits;
Terrific birch thou ne'er hast seen,
Dire portent of malignant fates.
Smile then, childhood's loveliest sprite,
Jocund, hail life's rosy light:
Thine be now the unclouded joy,
Bosom idol—Angel boy.

Ere summer's sun again shall shed
Fresh radiance on that brow so mild;
When auburn locks shall tuft that head,
Like the vine's tendrils curling wild;
Then thou, alas must learn to bear
The wond'rous load of Elfin care;
Whilst, blanch'd with fear, or flush'd with shame,
Fell passion shakes thy tender frame.

But soon thou hail'st the distant hour,
When manhood wakes to freedom's day:
It comes—and lo, the ruthless pow'r,
Of all abhor'd, whom all obey.
Necessity her reign prepares,
And iron is the rule she bears,
With snaky scourge, with ebony wand,
Unwrought—unmov'd of mortal hand.

Beneath her dark all-scowling glance,
Hope may not draw the gallant bow,
Nor fancy wave her airy dance,
Nor Love's enchanted music flow.
There be sad adepts in her lore,
Who breathe the natural sigh no more,
Whose tearless eyes long vigils keep,
And lose the privilege to weep.

But thou my boy! Oh! whence that frown?
It is not thine the lay to hiss:
Sweet urchin, thou art critic none,
Save in the soft maternal kiss.
Yes, by those orbs of sapphire light,
The mortal that is blest is right,
Now smile again, my rhyme is o'er;
To Babe I never rhym'd before.

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